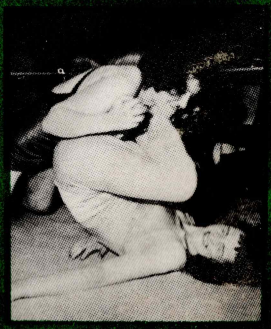
Exotique

No 2

Correspondence Digest



AN Exotique PUBLICATION

SPECIAL
CORRESPONDENCE DIGEST

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No. 2

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"EXOTIQUE"

CORRESPONDENCE DIGEST

In response to many hundreds of requests, we are presenting this second issue of the "EXOTIQUE Correspondence Digest." Everybody may not agree with our editorial policies, but how else can we hope to satisfy the greatest majority, unless we hear from you. Don't hesitate to drop us a line whenever you feel the urge to do so. Let us know exactly what it is you like - or don't like about "EXOTIQUE." We may not be able to satisfy everybody, but we'll sure make an honest attempt to do so.

Here we have compiled as many letters as we could in the limited space. We have tried to select only those letters which, we felt, would appeal to the greatest majority. Naturally, in an undertaking of this sort, we can't hope to make everybody happy, but we hope you'll understand our problem and will bear with us - at least until the next issue.

The Editors

Dear Ed:

Exotique, No. 24, was certainly up to par in all respects, and even does justice to your usual highly intriguing editions. I was pleased to see that you did me the honor of printing my second letter containing some interesting information about my lovely, but powerful, wife, Betty. I have discussed the suggestion of your editor that Betty send you a photo for publication. While she has no serious objection to the publication of my letters relating some of her experiences, since they will be recognized by only our own small, but intimate, group of friends, she is reticent about having her photograph printed. While she admittedly enjoys proving men the "weaker-sex," she envisions many persons recognizing her on the street, etc., and as a result more than a few challanges. She prefers to choose her own opponents. Therefore, I regret that it is impossible to submit a snapshot for publication.

You may perhaps be interested in another of Betty's interesting experiences in the battle for supremecy among the sexes. The

following episode is the only time that I have ever seen Betty angry at an opponent. She is usually a fun-loving girl and of a happy-go-lucky frame of mind. Admittedly, she loves to taunt, tease, and humiliate, but usually in a good-humored vein. Even her rare "mean-streak" (as she calls it) is devoid of any personal ill-feeling toward her adversary, and it was only on this singular occasion that her attitude toward her opponent was vindictive and filled with loathing and personal animosity.

Betty, being an independent person, has always been individually employed. One of the girls of her office showed up for work one day in a rather poor condition. She looked as though she had been in an automobile accident. After persistant questioning, the girl broke down and, between sobs, admitted to Betty that her husband had beaten her. She further told Betty that it happened periodically. The girl told Betty that she thought she still loved her husband, despite the beatings, and furthermore that she would never think of leaving him because of two children. Betty offered to help the girl, and that evening

Betty asked me to accompany her on a visit to her friends home.

The girl's husband, a tall, slim man of about 35, was remarkably pleasant, good-looking and obviously well-educated. But when Betty asked him point-blank why he mistreated his wife, he became immediately antagonistic. Raving about people minding their own business, he ordered Betty and I out of his house. Betty refused, calmly stating that she came to discuss his actions peaceably, if possible. Then he called her a few manifestly unprintable names, and my dear wife saw red.

Betty informed the young man in no uncertain terms that he should keep his hands off his slender wife and pick on someone his own size. She invited him to try treating her in the manner in which he treated his wife. Some rather strong words passed back and forth, and finally Betty was told to get out or be "thrown out!" Betty bristled and, whipping off her skirt and sweater (she had worn a bathing suit underneath) she told him to "go ahead and try to throw me out!"

The man was quite violent by then, and with a bellow of rage he rushed at Betty. He was an inch or so taller than Betty, and not more than 10 pounds lighter, if that. I fully expected Betty to side-step his rush and counter with a judo move, but she met his attack head-on, standing her ground. Before his clutching hands could seize her, Betty's doubled fist sank solidly into his mid-section. He doubled as Betty's blow drove a "woosh" of air from his lungs, only to be straightened up seconds later by a vicious uppercut. Twice more, Betty's fists traced an arc through the air to his jaw before he sank to his knees, stunned and with a trickle of blood appearing from a cut lip. Pulling him to his feet, Betty drove him back against the wall with a series of blows to the body, then, measuring him with a left, smashed him to his knees with a whistling right.

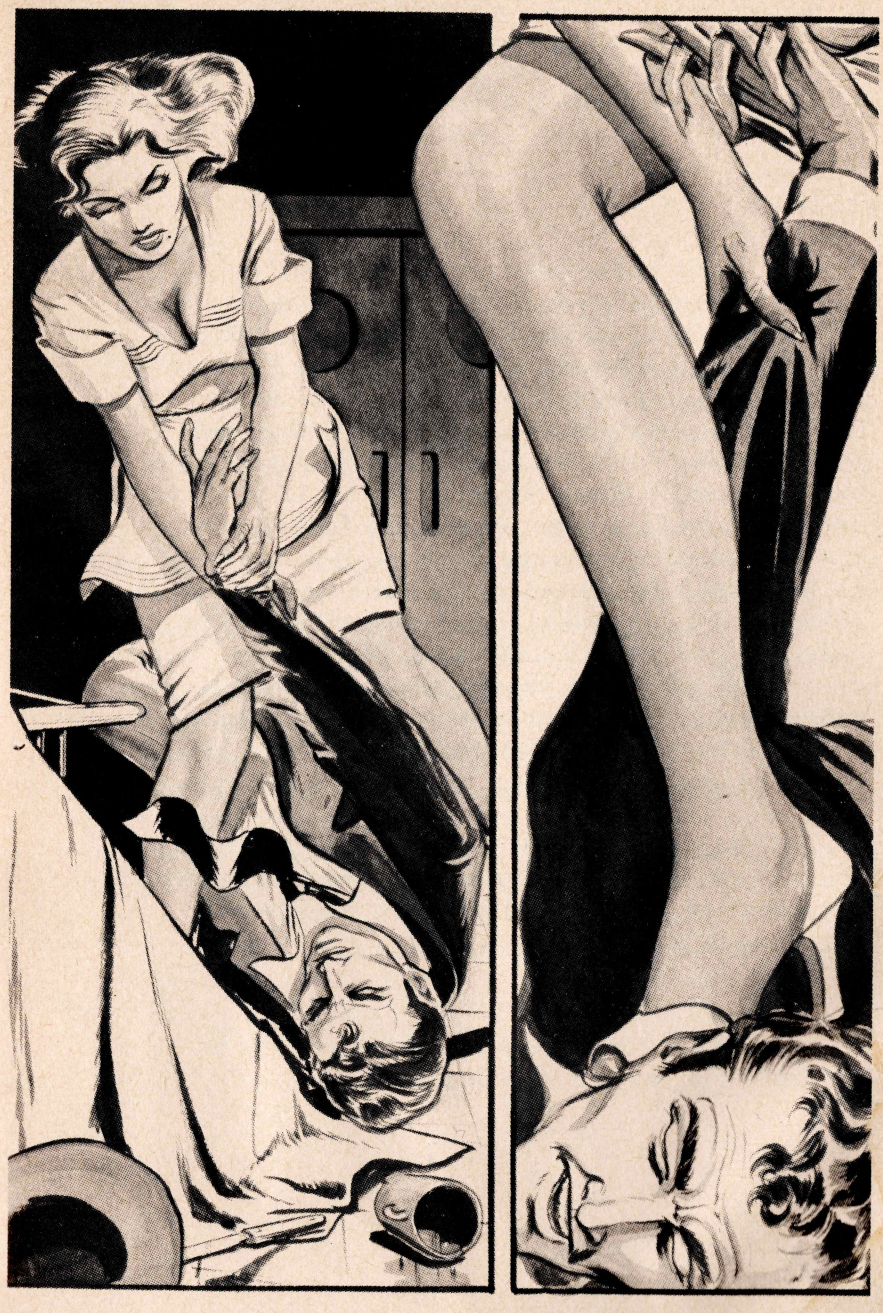
Dazed, the young man grabbed at Betty, clutching her thighs. Betty seized him by the hair, pulling his head back, and proceeded to cuff his upturned, defenseless face mercilessly with her open hand, her back-hand particularly effective. As she rained open-handed,

full-armed slaps on his unprotected face, she informed him that if he ever touched his wife in anger again, she would return and finish what she was just starting.

As she finished her lecture, Betty grasped one of his ears in each of her hands and pulled the kneeling, sobbing man away from her, holding him at arms length. Betty's pile-driving knee was just a white blur as she brought it upwards with every ounce of her strength, taking him exactly on the point of the chin. Releasing her grip on his ears, Betty stepped back, permitting him to fall forward onto his face on the rug, out cold.

Betty has always refused to discuss the incident, even with me. When I asked if she objected to my writing it to you, she was at first opposed. Later, she said: "If it may teach some men to keep their hands off their little, slender wife, then go ahead." Thus, this letter.

R. W., New York, N.Y.



Dear Sir:

Your issue of several months ago (No. 21) contained a story by Carlson Wade, "Taking a Man in Hand," which I thought exceptional. The illustrations were fine, particularly on page 19, where one had the feeling of a male completely dominted and punished in feminine finery and perfect high-heeled boots. When are you going to give us another like it? The only thing lacking in the illustration on page 19 was the man's pained and humiliated face. The rear shot, showing the high heels was priceless. The only improvement to the text that I'd recommend would be having the wife a bit more dominating--have her a real Amazon who can by superior strength quell her hubby's resistance.

And how about a sequel to "Midnight Masquerade?" I'd like to see the young man outwrestled by his sister while both wear high heels.

A.M.F., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

After reading your recent article, "Taking a Man in Hand," I thought that your readers might be interested in how I punish and humiliate my husband in order to remind him of his lowly position in our household.

When he is naughty I subject him to "My 24 Hour Rubber Girdle Ritual". Immediately after supper, I hand him a silver tray and order him to go to my bedroom to disrobe, and return with the necessary garments which consists of two lovely latex panty girdles, two hair curlers, one of my silken garters, and a pair of high heels and a pair of jewelled handcuffs which I purchased for these occasions. Not a word is spoken when he returns and kneels before me and sets the tray on a small stool.

First, I blindfold him in a rather unique way. I place one of my precious rubber panty girdles over his head using the two curlers to close up the leg openings. I then slip the garter down around his neck in

order to pull the fullness of the girdle tightly over his face. The delightful feminine fragrance of the girdle helps to remind him of his lowly position. To further humiliate him, I then order him to step inside my second rubber panty girdle. I take great pleasure in slowly drawing this shimmering latex girdle, the ultimate in feminine garments, up over his masculine legs and watching the rustling latex tickle the sensitive portion of his thighs. With a final tug, I pull the rubber panty into place so that its tightness caresses the small of his back and tightly hugs his hips and waist. I then slip the black patent high heels on his feet.

Sheathed in my rubber garments, I order him to find his way into the bedroom and to get to bed. It amuses me to watch him stumbling along blindfolded and in my high heels while wearing my cute rubber panty girdle. Once he's in bed I remind him that he is being punished in this rubber prison for his own good and then kiss him goodnight through the latex tightly drawn over his face.

The next morning I remove the blindfold so he can shave, but insist that he wear the rubber panty girdle under his business suit. With this garment on, at the office, he can't help but think why he is being punished and how he is going to improve. The following evening his punishment period is concluded after he begs my forgivemess and pleads with me to let him remove my girdle.

Mrs. M.C.H., Los Angeles

Dear Ed:

The girls at our office read your wonderful magazine every month. I guess most of us don't understand why you devote so much space to men dressing up like women, but the fashions are swell and we are always experimenting.

As far as being dominant females is concerned all of us went for the beautiful armless maid in the story of Deborah in your latest issue. Oh, to be helpless as that in the hands of a real man! We hope she's involved in the rest of the story.

CORRESPONDENCE DIGEST

Anyhow, your magazine is wonderful, and Tana Louise must have an enormous wardrobe. Does she ever appear in person in New York.

The Lucky Seven, New York,N.Y.

Dear Editor:

Just purchased copy of Exotique #24, so far I've purchased every copy of Exotique, and of course, this speaks for itself, I do enjoy your magazine very much especially the Correspondence Issues.

As per the editorial page #24, I don't understand why a two or three hundred page correspondence issue should only be tentative and I do believe it would be a sensation and I believe it would really "Sell" and perhaps placate some of your frustrated correspondents such as myself.

I'd also like to see more of our correspondents, submit more of their photos illustrating or showing their bizarre and unusual costumes, especially some of our males who

who like to dress in female attire. I hope you do give preference in publishing those letters which include photos.

I have noticed a great deal of improvements as it does seem that there are more photos in #24 than is in most of the previous issues.

In #24 I really enjoyed the letter by R. H. of Dallas, Texas pages 42-44 and his photo on page 44. Of course, it's a shame that the photo did not show his head, but one thing I must admit R.H. is one male who certainly does not have to take a "back seat" to any of the females in ability to wear high spike heels and sheer nylons, and I do hope we hear from him soon again with appropriate photos.

Another thing, I'd also like to see more letters from J.B. of Atlantic City in costume; he and others should let the readers be the judge as to how well he looks in female attire, the same thing can be said about L.B. of Seattle, pages 30-32. Also R.S. Warren, Ohio and all the other fellows who

write and tells us how they dress in female attire and how good they look etc.

I do hope that you do decide to issue that 200-300 page Correspondence Issue in the very near future and you may put me down as your first customer.

J.A.S., New York, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

I am one of the many enthusiastic readers and followers of your wonderful magazine. I never miss an issue and have them all from number one. Being a thorough Transvestite, I am most particularly interested in the articles pertaining to my particular interest. One of the little things that I feel is important is that I do not see how any Transvestite can really feel he had transformed himself into the realm of womanhood without having pierced ears for his earrings. Mine have been pierced for years and I am never questioned about it even tho sometimes after wearing heavy earrings all night or over the week end, I feel the holes are quite noticeable. I used to

take great pains to fill them with mustache wax which covers the holes or even plain chapstick does the job beautifully, but have gotten so I don't pay too much attention anymore.

While in San Francisco recently (and thank goodness there is one city that still allows female impersonator shows) I met one of the cast and as we sat sipping a drink and talking I asked if his ears were pierced. He said "No, but I have always wanted to have them pierced," I told him I could not understand how he could feel really effeminate without them being pierced, and he agreed that he often realized that very thing. So I told him that I had pierced my own years ago and since then had pierced those of many girls who wanted the pleasure of having them. He asked if I would be kind enough to do his. I, of course, agreed. So the next day he came to my hotel room, and in the meantime I had procured alcohol, some flesh colored thread, and a packet of heavy needles. I also procured a regular sewing awl used by leather workers and having found that is the best instrument to use, used it this time.

First I wound a bit of cotton on the head of one of the needles and dipped it in merthiolate and marked exactly where the holes were to go, so that both ears would balance perfectly. (Nothing seems as bad to me as pierced ears that are not balanced properly.) After both were marked and carefully checked and measured to make sure that they were in exactly the same spot, I took a large cork which I had obtained at the drugstore and thrust the awl through from front to back deeply into the cork. I first squeezed the ear lobe tightly for a few moments, which deadens the feeling in the ear so there is no pain. There are only the nerves of the light layer of skin that will produce pain as the center of the ear lobe consists of fatty tissue. My friend was amazed because there was absolutely no pain, and he had been so fearful of that. It was an easy matter then to place in the hole the needle which carried several strands of the flesh-colored silk thread, and putting some vaseline on the thread, pulled it through for some distance and then knotted it carefully into a nice small loop. It is necessary to tie several knots in the thread so that the knots will hold during the healing period.

The same procedure in the other ear, and in a few moments presto. . .another lover of pierced ears was created. My friend went at once to the mirror and began to admire my handiwork. He couldn't wait until the day when he could insert the little gold screws I had also obtained for him to wear the first few nights and days after the holes had nearly healed.

While the threads are being used to keep the holes open, it is necessary to draw them back and forth occasionally, and for this it is wise to put a bit of vaseline on the threads and each morning and night it is well to wash the ears and threads carefully with warm water. Then disinfect lightly, put the vaseline on, draw the threads back and forth, and in a very few days you will be able to insert earrings of any kind.

I walked over to his apartment with him and on the elevator and in the lobby and on the street people did notice the circular threads in his ears but paid little or no attention to them. Many times when I am traveling across country which I frequently do, I wear my earrings with my male attire. I

generally wear small solid gold screws or studs they might be called. Yes, people do notice them. I want them to. But no one has ever yet asked my reason for wearing them. If they ever do, my answer will be a simple one, that I like them. I know a movie star who has worn a gold screw in his left ear since his marriage day. I believe he wears it during making of pictures even, by covering it with a small bit of fleshcolored tape. At any rate, I stood next to him at a premier in New York one evening and he certainly was wearing it that night.

A waitress in a little cafe here in Hollywood has her ears pierced in three places. The holes are beautifully spaced along the outer edge of the lobe, and she wears different selections of earrings from day to day. One day she will have inserted three different pairs of seed pearls, of different sizes with the smaller ones at the top, and the larger pair in the center of the lobes. On other occasions, she selects gold hoops and again in varying sizes. I must say it is a very smart arrangement. She told me she saw a movie wherein a girl from East India had earrings

completely around the outer edges of her ears, and she was so fascinated by the beauty of this that she determined to duplicate the effect. However, after reaching three she didn't go on with it but intends to later. I didn't say anything but secretly I had mine pierced this way for about ten years now and can wear three sets at one time. I have not had the courage to do this in public, as I have to be extremely conservative when appearing in public as a woman due to the laws and the risk of exposure. So I am careful not to wear anything of an extreme nature while enjoying myself in my woman's garb in public.

Keep up the high standards you have set in your most interesting magazine and let's all encourage your readers to write of their feelings and experiences. It is so good to know that many others in the world feel the same as we do. I am now practising photography so that I may someday have some photos of myself and my adornments, that might be good enough to print. In the meantime, more letters please from you readers!

A.D., Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Ed:

I have been a reader of your excellent publications for some time now, and will continue to be one. I enjoy most of all the articles, stories, novelettes, and letters dealing with transvestism. Like a good many of your male readers, I, too, take delight in dressing in dainty, feminine clothing, but for different reasons than they do.

Usually, when I get home from work, I remove my male clothing and get dressed in one of my feminine costumes. My favorite one consists of a black, padded bra, pink panties trimmed in lace, dark, full length nylons tightly gartered to a black garter belt, a pink half-slip also lace-trimmed, black, patent leather high-heeled shoes, a tight, black satin skirt, and a sheer nylon blouse with ruffles at the cuffs and collar. Naturally, my bra shows through the blouse. I then put on a good deal of make-up and a black female wig. While "dressing up" I stop every once in a while to mince about before a full length mirror, striking various dainty poses. When fully dressed and made-up, looking back at me from the mirror is an at-

tractive young woman, and what's more important to me, I actually feel that I am a woman. I feel at this time that I could be a good "girl friend" to another woman who would enjoy seeing me dressed in women's clothing and who could take advantage of my docile, submissive nature, by being strong-willed and domineering to me.

A.L., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

I have been a devoted fan of your publications for quite some time now, and I have managed to collect most, if not all, of your magazines. As a person of some intellect and refined tastes, it pleases me to know that there are those among us who are as delighted as I by the extreme and bizarre fashions that you feature.

I would like to add my 2¢ worth on the matter of the "Bizarre and Unusual". After I was "indoctrinated" into this school of unusual attire, I have been constantly on the alert for some beautiful young creature who

might outwardly show signs of being of the same bent. Whenever I see or meet a girl the first thing I notice is the type of shoes she wears, the shade and type of her stockings, etc. I am highly elated when I notice that she is wearing smart high heel shoes, or long dangling earrings; while I am thoroughly disgusted to note that she is trapesing around on shoes with one or two inch heels that are thick enough to support the weight of a piano. And I might also add that I am thoroughly disgusted with the latest fashions from Europe. They just don't do anything for anyone. At any rate I have noticed that there is a good percentage of the population hereabouts that could be persuaded into the Bizarre fashions if only we had a big name to start the ball rolling.

After I got out of the Navy, I met a young girl who thought my ideas on these unusual costumes were rather pleasant. As a matter of fact she has put me in charge of selecting all her clothing which pleases me no end. The first thing I did was to turn Los Angeles upside-down in searching for a shoe store that features ' High''-heeled shoes. Contrary to many of the letters you have

printed, the highest heel that can be purchased here runs slightly over 3.75 inches. My next task was to find some unusual stockings. I finally found a place where they sold the black shades in the regular style as well as the opera length style. This place just recently went out of business, but thanks to changing fashions the black shades are coming back. I might also add that I recently found a chain shoe store that features red, green, blue, and yellow shades of stockings which are quite flattering and exciting on a shapely pair of legs. Well, so much for the feet and legs. It was also difficult for us to find the unusual costume articles, but every now and then we manage to run across some new exciting piece of ready-to-wear that ''goes well''

I have included with this letter a number of photos that I took last summer of my girl in her ''Wardrobe''. I think that you will agree with me that we have found some fairly decent items in the ready-to-wear line. A few months ago I ran across a shoemaker who advertised hand made shoes of the ' Bizarre and Unusual''. I sent him an order for a pair of these for my girl. The shoes turned out to be

quite beautiful with heels measuring 4.75 inches. Although my girl has a hard time getting around in them, we wear them out quite often, and I take a special interest in noticing the remarks made by other women when they notice the height of the heels. As soon as we get the chance I'll get some pictures to you of these new shoes. We are also saving for a pair of boots, but I'm afraid the only chance that my girl will have to wear them will be in private or to a costume party.

R.E.Z., Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Ed:

At last I have now obtained a complete file of your wonderful magazine. I have been a reader for several years it seems to me, but never was able to get a complete file. Just yesterday I found the missing number so now will keep the file right up to date. Only complaint I have is that you don't publish often enough.

I am particularly interested in your

articles on Transvestism, and the accounts of your readers which I enjoy very very much. At present I am sitting in the living room of my week end hideaway, where I am able to indulge in my passion for finery. . .all designed for the feminine sex, of course. I am wearing my sheer nylons, four inch spike heels on my red kid shoes, with a beautiful new chemise in aquamarine color, with the nylon pink teddy or combination instead of a slip. With my 39 inch bust and 39 inch hips and a 26 inch waist and the chemise ideally sized so as to fit snugly in bust and hips, I rather like my appearance in the mirror. Make-up slightly on the oriental type, with heavily mascared eyelashes, slanted at the outward edges, and my jeweled studs in each nostril, with a small gold hoop in the septum of my nose, and the red dot in the center of my forehead, the gold colored turban I wear permits the beautiful brunette wig to peek out from under in what I would think would be rather alluring fashion.

I pierced my ears in Mexico City on a dare from a young senorita one evening and have never permitted them to close again in

all these years. So I am now wearing a pair of large gold hoops much on the gypsy style or oriental style. Several years ago, I decided to try the oriental style of a jewel in the nostril. Having seen several Indian women with their beautiful jewels so attractively adorned, I couldn't rest until I had accomplished this. It was easy and even though employed all the time, I was able to keep a small length of flesh colored thread in place for a few days until the hole became permanent. A short time ago thereafter I pierced the left side also, and then the next step was to pierce the septum. As the flesh at these points is almost identical to that of the ear lobe, it is no problem at all, and certainly most attractive. I have also added two more piercings to my ears, each above the other, so now can wear three sets of earrings in each ear. They more or less outline the contour of the lower ear, and using small studs or screws at the top and graduated sizes downward, the effect is very pleasing. Occasionally I use smallhoops at the top, and two larger pairs beneath.

Of course, when appearing in public which I do now and then, I do not wear any-

thing but one pair of earrings, and of course, no jewels in my nose at all. The other day I purchased three dresses, and the saleslady asked if I wanted to use a dressing room, I was quite amused as she had no idea how much I would have enjoyed this. Dress manufacturers do not make their sizes exactly alike so it is not simple to get the right fit all the time. But I do amazingly well and seldom have to return for exchanges. I can alter them myself, too, so this helps.

I am very sorry that early in life I did not start a program of hair removal. With electrolysis as perfected as it is, it would be simple today, for any man interested in Transvestism to free himself of bodily hair and especially on his face and arms and legs and chest where it is so important to have a nice fair skin showing. I use depilatories, of course, but it is a constant chore.

Sleeping in my corsets has given me a beautiful waistline which I am very proud of, although my tailors have a job with my fittings and can't understand how any man my age can have such a small waistline. Twenty-

six inches is no problem for me, and with consistent with present day standards in appearance I prefer to remain more in proportion. In dressing for street or public appearance it is, of course, most important not to emphasize anything that might attract undue attention. The other night when going to a small community nearby to mail some letters I was accosted twice, and whistled at twice also from a car, so the over all effect must be acceptable. Of course, this is what pleases me most to be accepted as a woman and to be attractive enough to excite admiration. I have passed the test of police scrutiny on several occasions, although I was as nervous as could possibly be. But if one's appearance is quite normal, it does not seem to be any great problem to pass inspection on the street or in a car.

My advice to others would be to practice walking and mannerisms as much as possible and to not try any public appearance until they are satisfied that they can handle themselves properly. I have practiced handling the handbag etc., getting my money out for purchases etc., until I feel I do a pretty passable job of it. My biggest problem is voice, of

course. I practice constantly on this, speaking as low as possible and as relaxed as possible. Even then it is a big problem although I frequently hear women talking who speak in a lower register than I do using my natural voice. Looking like a woman is the most important step in being accepted.

Keep up the good work of publishing a magazine that brings to us the accounts of various phases of life and activity that, although it may be off beat for many, is most acceptable to we who wish to and dare to be different. I am anxiously awaiting the appearance at the stands of number 27. Naturally, if you feel any of your readers may be interested in the above you may publish it in part or in its entirety.

With every wish for your continued success, I am truly an Exotique fan.

A.D., Los Angeles, Calif.

Editor:

Enclosed are pictures of three of my

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dress outfits. I think your readers will enjoy them.

1. Silver leather toe length pants, silver leather halter, black kidskin gloves.
2. White satin blouse, silver leather pants, black kidskin gloves.
3. Silver leather pants, black rubber blouse with full length sleeves, leather collar and leather coat.
4. This picture won me first prize at our local costume ball.

Also, I always use Russian Leather Perfume. You have my permission to print any or all pictures.

E.G., Chicago, Illinois

Dear Ed:

Thank you for 25 issues of the finest magazine published. I am only sorry that "Exotique" isn't a weekly publication.

I've wanted to write you earlier, but thought that I had better wait till I had some-

thing to write about. Of course, what I like others might not, but I'll tell you about it anyway.

While vacationing in Mexico I chanced upon a delightful and bizarre bootmaker's shop. I merely went in to inquire about prices but to be quite frank with you I came out with much more than prices, in fact, I had to cut my vacation short due to my expensive tastes.

I ordered a pair of black patent riding boots with 6 1/2 inch heels, but only after I tried on a pair of black lace-up pumps with 6 inch heels which I also purchased for training purposes. The bootmaker took my other measurements and I ordered several other items.

I received this ensemble in yesterday's mail and couldn't wait to put them on. I will describe my apparel to you. As I write to you, I have on a supporter made of black patent with 2 straps running around my waist buckled to 2 similar straps that run from between my legs over my hips to the waist. Over this I have a delightful little pair of black frilly lace

bikini pants. These are adequately and tightly covered by a heavily boned and stitched black patent corset. I might add at this point, these dainty little women aren't the only ones who suffer dizzy spells as they are laced in. In fact, I could hardly breathe and stand up as the laces grew tighter. My toreador pants are of an exquisite black kid leather, they fit like a second skin. There is a zipper up each leg in back. This makes them easier to put on and also accounts for the tight fit. The blouse has an equally good fit, with a turtle-neck and 3/4 length sleeves which also have zippers up the back. The blouse and corset give just the right accent on my firm and fairly well developed bust.

To made the outfit complete and perfect are the high top stiff black patent boots. These boots have extremely pointed toes with towering pencil-thin heels just over 6 1/2 inches high. I have always liked riding boots, in fact, I wear low-heel riding boots everywhere I go. (Loved the pictures on pp. 37, Issue #24.)

With my page-boy transformation, pan-

cake make-up, blood red lipstick and just the right amount of eyeshadow I believe that I make quite a fetching picture.

I only wish that I knew someone well enough to take my picture so that I could pass it on to your wonderful and exciting magazine.

Sorry I made this so long but I'm so excited about my new outfit that I had to tell someone. Please keep up the good work and give us more on transvestite costumes. I think it would be wonderful if you could run a section on applying makeup, proper dress, etc. for we men who are too embarrassed to ask our local cosmetician.

J.D., Aurora, Colorado

Dear Editor:

My girl friend read the letter from Mrs. W. S. of Chicago, Illinois, in issue #25 of your wonderful magazine. She was quite pleased by her method of "husband taming." She said that after our marriage, she would welcome the idea of my serving as her per-

personal maid.

I am looking forward to awaking my "mistress" each morning, dressed in appropriate attire and helping her dress herself from our shared wardrobe.

In fact, I'm already sharing that wardrobe. She makes sure that I don't let my eyes roam. She has me stay in and shift from my clothes to some of hers whenever I visit her. Her mother loves the idea and hopes to convince my future father-in-law that he should do the same.

As I write this letter, my girl is touching up my heavy makeup and telling me about the inflatable bra she bought for my birthday. She is wearing a pair of blue satin lounging pajamas and a pair of black sandals with 5-inch heels; while I'm wearing lingerie, sheer hose, 5-inch high-heeled pumps, a skirt and blouse ensemble of green satin and the jet black wig she bought for me right after I told her of my desire to dress in female clothing.

With this very welcome indulgence by

her family, my girl and I are looking forward to a happy wedded life.

J. B., New York

Dear Editor:

I have purchased at least a dozen copies of "Trained in Leather," which I have given to my friends. I think you should by this time publish something similar inasmuch as a major part of your correspondence seems to be from or about men who love to wear female attire. I do think the editors have neglected the many readers who love to read about and see photos of both amateur and professional female impersonators. Surely a great many of these photos must have been placed at your disposal to publish. I do think that each of your publications or issues should have at least one or more photos.

I think that #24 was your best issue in a long time, mainly due to the very interesting letters from your many male readers who love to wear female attire, and principally because of the letter from R. H. of Dallas, on page 42

tance and help, I have learned to make use of them. He had little short boots made to lace on my 6 inch legs and with his help, I gradually learned to stand and finally hobble about by myself with the aid of a shortened cane. We designed and made short skirts and slacks for use around the house and I learned I could to some of the housework again, like sweeping and mopping floors and dusting the low pieces of furniture. Of course, I can't reach very high because I am only 3 feet tall this way. With only one arm, it was impossible to do as much as I wished, so we decided to see if an artifical arm would help. I was fitted with the type that has a two pronged hook in place of a hand and tho it is clumsy and awkward to wear and use, I am able to do very limited work with it. My husband likes to see it on me, so I wear short sleeved sweaters and blouses around the house to please him. To make me use it more and help me learn how to handle it better, I often have him bind my left hand and forearm into a tight rigid casing of tape for several days at a time, so that I am forced to use the hook. Here, I admit, I get a peculiar thrill from being handless. At times, I often wonder if two artificial arms

wouldn't be better than one.

Two years ago, we had the good fortune to meet a woman who had also lost her legs and was using artificial legs. After seeing her we decided that I would be fitted. I wanted to, so desperately, to wear high heels again as I had always worn the highest that I could buy for the last two years before the accident. However, it was quite a while before we finally found a firm who would cater to our wants. I shall never forget the thrill of seeing my new legs the first time. Tho very obviously artificial looking, they had size 3B shoes with extreme high heels already fitted on them and sheer stockings tightly stretched up to the knee joints. Actually they were far better looking legs than I ever had. Before amputation, my legs had thick ankles and my feet were quite large, which was always quite disturbing to me. It took me several months of concentrated effort and a lot of falls before I finally succeeded in standing and walking by myself. Even now, I cannot negociate stairs or inclines without help, but with my wonderful husband, I quite often go shopping and to entertainments without my wheelchair. My husband

thinks my awkward, stiff legged gait most attractive with my tightly corsetted waist and hips straining for each step. When I am sitting down at home, he likes to see my artificial knees locked to hold my lower legs straight out in front of me. To please him, even more, I very often wear my short skirts or shorts and go without hose while in the privacy of our home. Of course, I don't get the thrill of the feel of wearing high heels, but I do get the thrill of buying them.

As of late, we have been experimenting with various types of peglegs, which I hope to be able to master someday, but as yet, I still have to learn to stand in them, much less walk in them. They are the most thrilling thing that I have tried yet and for my husband's love, I would gladly stump my way down Broadway in New York if it would make him happy. Keep up the good work and I shall write again when I master my pegs.

S.M.P., Virginia

Dear Editor:

Like us, there must be many young

moderns who love the feel and reactions from wearing rubber clothing, and possibly many like us have found a good selection of rubber, etc., hard to find and have been forced to improvise. Soft and scented rubber sheets of the 24 x 36 and 36 x 54 inch size are indispensable for accessories, halters, bathing suits, etc., but we have found a source of supply for some wonderful ready made garments, which we would like to pass along. Frustrated rubber devotees take notice!

Of course, caps, sheets, gloves, and possibly scanties, and naturally pantie girdles may be found in any department store.

Now then, for nicely fitting bloomers in four sizes try Sears, Wards, or any physicians supply store. A source probably seldom considered is funeral directors supply houses. Just last week my husband and I purchased the following: All lastex rubber full length hosiery, both maroon and white--comes in small, medium, and large. Rubber bloomers and panties! Long full bloomerettes which fit snugly and excitingly from knees to arm pits. Three sizes. White or maroon. Strapless rubber bra!! Soft

light, long sleeved high necked blouses, both zipper and pull over style. (Stretched over full bare breasts, the effect and sensation is stunning!) Long pantaloons with feet. Full length all-lastex "sleeper," long sleeves, feet and zipps up to a high neck. 36 x 84 maroon rubber sheets, hemmed on all sides, pure rubber, and same in 36 width and by the yard. The 36 x 84 sheet, wrapped several turns about the waist and tucked in, makes a wonderful sheath or allowed to drape, makes an exciting collegiate swing skirt. Another of the same, bunches and drawn around the neck golden rings slipped over each length above the breasts, then spread and carressingly embracing the breasts, then long skirt wrapped and tucked in place over the remaining rubber makes a very sensual evening gown or hostess gown! The waist may be set off with a wide jeweled belt with gold or silver buckle to accent the outfit and conceal the separation between skirt and bodice. This is the softest of pure rubber.

The gown may be worn without undies or only a panty girdle and rubber hose, which gives a wonderful sensual reaction both to the

wearer and viewer, or any combination of bloomers, bras, gloves, and of course, a tight shiny cap or loose flowing cape; whichever our hearts and senses desire. Shoes can be black patent spike heels, or rubber booties, depending upon the occasion.

The only garments we lack, and for which we are still searching for is a long sleeved, high necked one piece nightie of light rubber, and a puffed sleeved peasants blouse. Can anyone suggest anything?

My hubby and I love to wear these rubber creations and you should see what rubber does tothat man!

Soon, he will make some pictures of me modeling rubber, and we will send them to you in hopes that you will publish them. He refuses to include any of himself as he thinks his figure isn't girlish enough and would only appear silly. I just think he's bashful!

Oh, ye s, one each of these garments can be purchased in the vicinity of twenty dollars. More or less depending upon the a-

mount of sheeting, and the rubber itself is light, but very smooth and stretchy!

M. M. K., Fort Worth, Texas

Dear Sirs:

I might say that my interest in transvestism comes about in a strange way. I am a woman, 24 years old, and have been married to "Barbara Ann" for three years. When I first met my husband he was the height of masculinity and my feminine emotions responded to his presence immediately. We were married one year after we met and at first our life together was ideal. After about six months, however, my whole being began to rebel at his masculine domination of our home. One day I read a story about a married couple who changed places, the woman taking the dominant role and the man assuming the passive, feminine role, even to wearing women's clothes. I suddenly realized that my marriage and happiness depended on my being able to get my husband to become my wife. I knew this wouldn't be easy to do.

My first step in bringing about this transformation was to get my husband to take on more and then more of the household chores. Soon he was doing all the cleaning, washing, and cooking together with serving me, daily, breakfast in bed. I was elated by the ease with which this first step was taken.

The next step, I knew would be more difficult, for I had to bring my husband to accept wearing feminine clothing. One night after he had finished the dinner dishes and rinsed out some of my panties and hose, and we were talking together I remarked that he really had a lovely figure and it was a shame that men with such nice shapes couldn't wear attractive clothes like women do. Our discussion soon led to my suggestion that, as a lark, I would dress him up in my clothes to see what he would look like. He seemed eager enough to play along with my little merry joke and soon, he was completely transformed into a beautiful woman. As I had insisted that he permit his hair to grow long, by a few careful snips here and there I was able to fashion the very latest feminine hair styling.

seemed, for the first time, to really bloom into womanhood. Perhaps I should have put a stop to things then but we were all having so much fun I didn't think anything would come to bad.

On our last night we planned a big evening together. Barbara Ann and I had been shopping that day and each had bought costumes to properly set off the evening. I will describe my wife's attire that evening. First she wore a lace-up waist cincher and garter belt combination of black boned satin. Then she had black over pink nylon panties with just the right touch of black lace edging. Fastened to her garter belt were sheer black nylon hose with black heels and seams and on her feet she wore black patent leather 4 inch heels which were ultra slim. Of course, she wore a black satin bra with the falsies we had specially designed for her. Over this she put on a black contoured nylon slip which was just right to wear under her skin tight black satin sheath. Her dress had a mandarin collar and at the hem, slits on each side which permitted her to walk freely but caused her even then to take small careful steps. Doing this added the extra touch

by provoking a very sensuous undulating walk which I knew Gary would admire. Black elbow length gloves and rhinestone costume jewelry completed the ensemble. Frankly, the whole effect was devastating and I was amazed at the beautiful woman I had created.

Well, there is so much more I could tell about that evening and others since but I will save that for another letter. I wish I could send you some pictures of Barbara Ann but she forebids it. Perhaps she will change her mind when next I write.

A.H.F., San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Editor:

Your Correspondence Issue #24 is one of your best; I have been a buyer of "Exotique" since your first edition. By all means, put out a large Correspondence Digest as you suggest in your foreword. It is always interesting to read about the experiences and opinions of the enthusiasts of the bizarre and unusual.

I have just come west from New York

and am happy to see your publication available here. I am less happy that I had to leave the east just when being introduced by a lovely blonde Amazon to the delights and responsibilities of dominance by the fair sex.

"Sherry" had correctly analyzed my shyness and insecurity as a need for control and guidance by the understanding, superior type of female, and had overcome my natural reluctance to some degree, initiating me into the feelings of helpless dependence on her and imposing certain standards of obedience, subservience, and catering to her desires. There were beginnings of physical training in weight reduction, reducing garments and so on, as well as instruction in the personal and household duties expected of her "protege". I am in all respects a male, yet found delights in her planning my outward transformation into a girdled and gartered, padded, petticoated and high-heeled, be-wigged and made up girl.

Alas, our plans were never fully carried out, so that Sherry no longer has her "Debbie". But perhaps again, some day!

Meanwhile, "Exotique" is the next best thing!!

D.B., Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Ed:

I enjoyed your first issue of "Correspondence Digest" very much and am looking forward to more promising things to come. To have the "Digest" split in three sections is a very fine idea, now all the "Readers" have to do is help fill the pages and I'm sure it won't take long for that to happen.

My favorite subject, "Female Impersonation," was not in abundance in the No. 1 Digest, but I'm sure that it shall be well represented in future issues. I even think you should run a "Contest" to see, just who are the most Attractive looking Males in Skirts? It would not only be interesting, but lots of fun. Impersonating has been a hobbie of mine for a long time and I do know that other Males share my hobbie, too.

Your "Letters to the Editor" column has shown many fine letters from Men who

enjoy wearing "Feminine Clothing" but hardly any of them bother to enclose photographs of themselves. I'm hoping that the new Digest will make them break loose a little. In fact, I'm going to enclose 2 photos of myself wearing 'Black Lace Lingerie' to start the ball rolling. Let's see more on "Female Impersonation," which is an Art, on and off the stage.

J.F., Jamaica, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

May I express my gratitude for your publication of "Exotique" which I enjoy immensly and am purchasing all copies. I simply love photos of Tana Louise (how I wish I could look as well in my feminine finery).

I adore reading letters from other men like myself who derive such thrills in wearing girls clothing, please print more of them. I am 25 now and ever since I can remember I have dressed as a girl at every opportunity. I well remember as a small child when I would secretly wear my sisters silk panties. When I was seven and going to a halloween party, my

sister suggested (to my happy surprise) that I wear her clothes from the frilly pink panties to the cute little party dress. I felt enchanted the whole evening and since have a compulsion to wear girls clothing whenever I can.

As I write this letter to you now I am completely outfitted in feminine attire. I am wearing my favorite pair of pink lacy pure silk panties (I must have twenty pair of panties of all colors and designs). I have on my new pink strapless padded bra, a lovely white nylon slip with lace galore, a feminine pink garter belt to hold up my new brown heavy seamed nylon hose, a tight cashmere sweater, a very close fitting navy blue skirt and five inch blue high heeled pumps. I have applied heavy make up, am wearing a pair of very large chrome slave type earrings with chrome necklace and bracelet to match. My lovely blond wig which extends to my shoulders completes the picture. If I do say so myself I make quite an attractive girl. I have no desires whatever for relationships with other men but would love to find a woman who would be understanding in my desires or preferably a woman who enjoys dressing as a man, perhaps a dominating woman.

I read that many of the men (like myself) prefer dressing in leather and tight corsets. This doesn't appeal to me in the least. I just adore silks, nylons, and satins. I am now living with my divorced sister (no children) who understands my desires for feminine clothes and helps me to select the right ones. She is trying to find the right "understanding" girl for me to marry and I try to express my appreciation by serving her as a maid in my new maid's outfit. She has two girl friends over quite often and I serve them also. They have given me the name of "Sally" which I like. They are very understanding and say nothing about this to outsiders.

But if I neglect my work or give bad service they keep a paddle handy and lift up my skirt and give me some good wallops on my panty covered behind. I love them for it because I always deserve it. I believe my sister and her friends enjoy our little get to gethers as much as I do. I wish it were possible to carry on some form of correspondence with other men (or girls) like myself and perhaps meet them. Could it be possible for your fine publication to arrange such a thing in the future?

I must leave now to prepare dinner for my sister but would once again like to express my thanks to "Exotique" for allowing me to write them and read other correspondence.

S. J., Hollywood, Calif.

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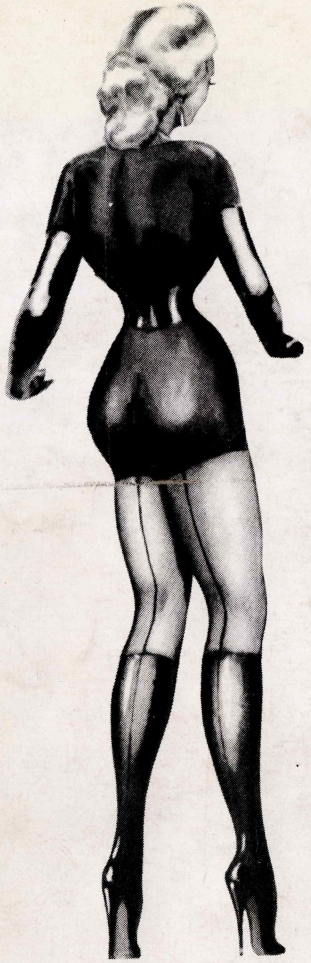

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